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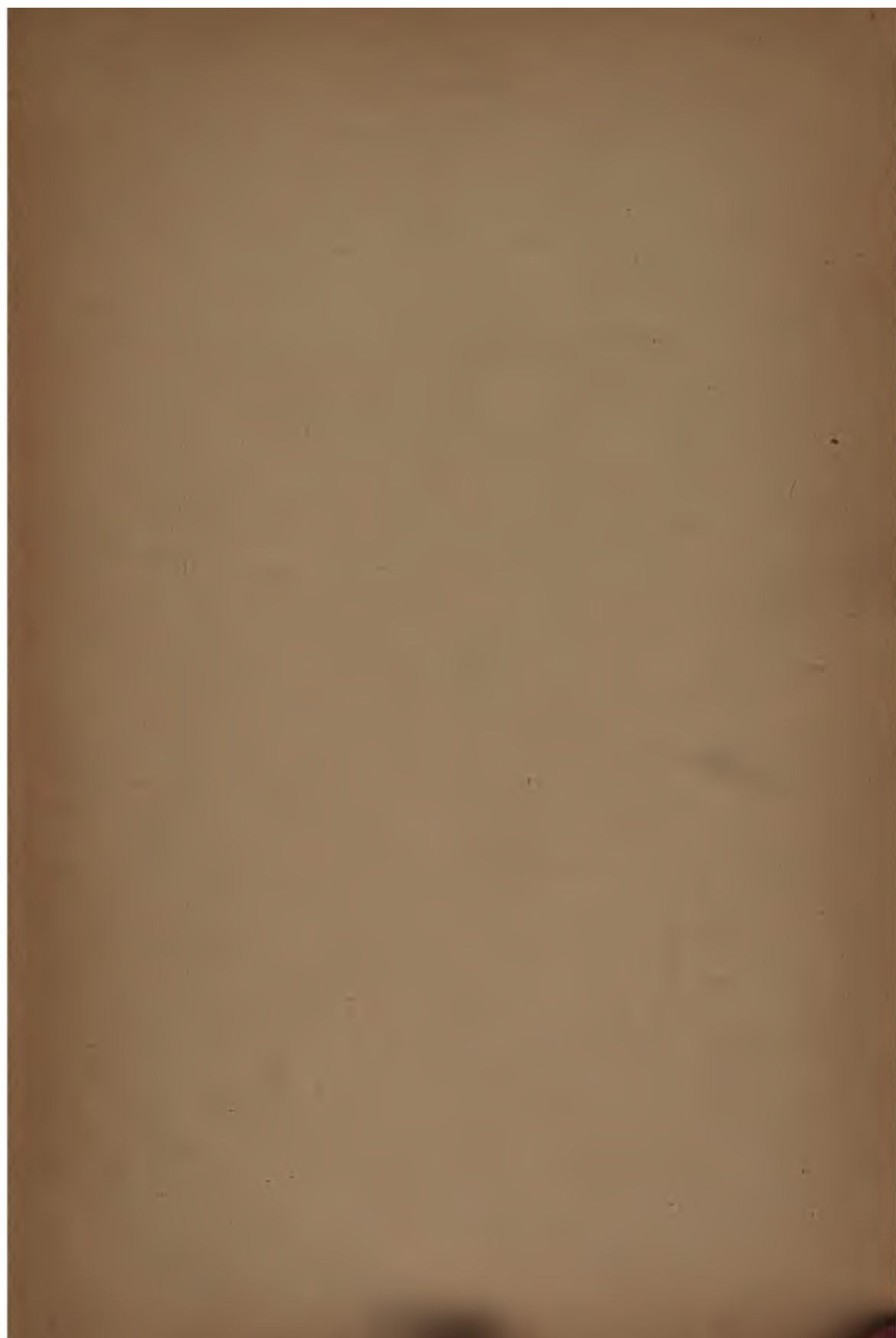
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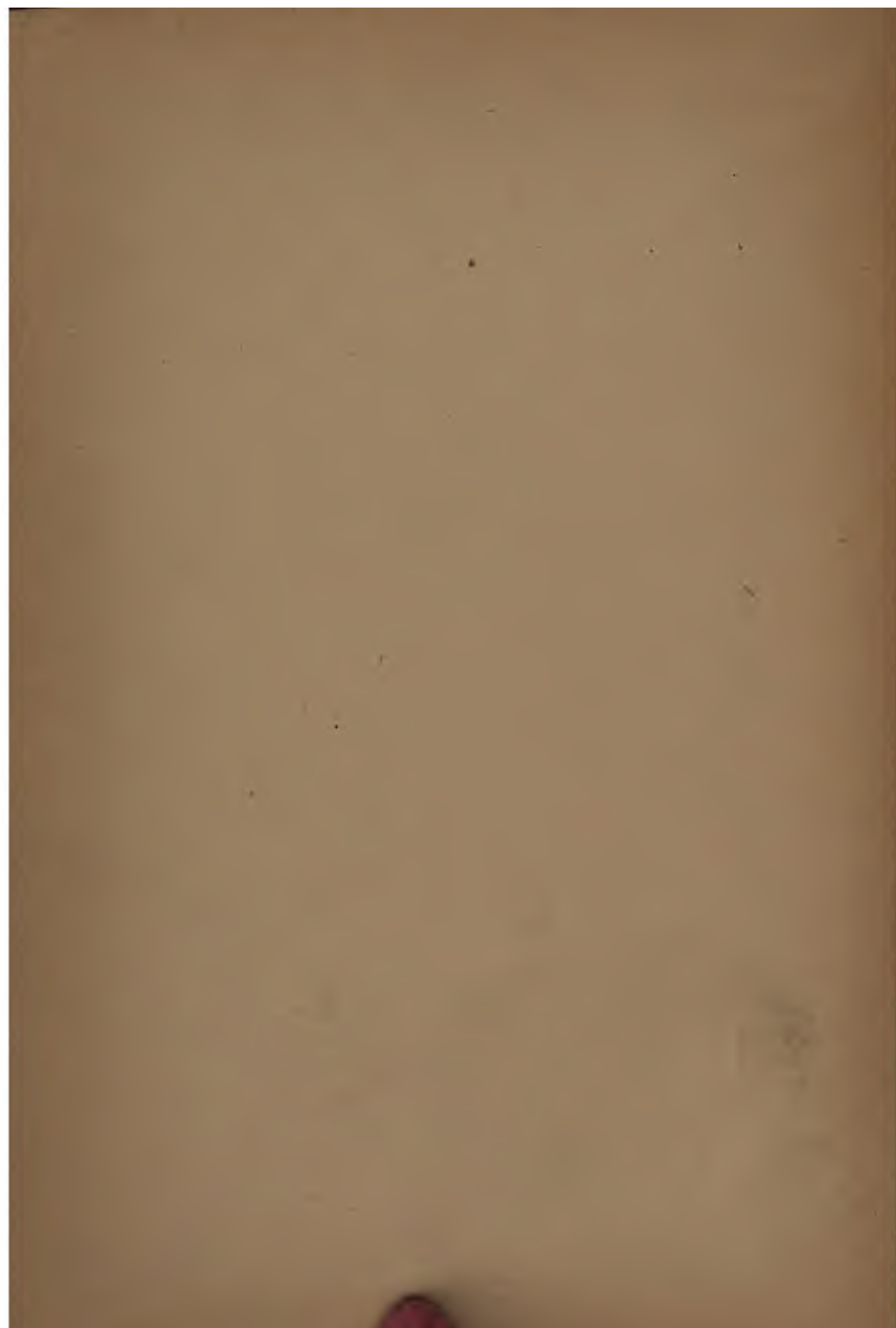


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# The Wadsworth-Longfellow House



## Longfellow's Old Home

By Nathan Gould.







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GEN. PELEG WADSWORTH,  
THE BUILDER OF THE HOUSE.

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**ANNE LONGFELLOW PIERCE,**  
1810 - 1901,  
THE DONOR OF THE HOUSE.

**THE  
WADSWORTH - LONGFELLOW  
HOUSE**

**Longfellow's Old Home**

**PORTLAND, MAINE**

**ITS HISTORY AND ITS OCCUPANTS**

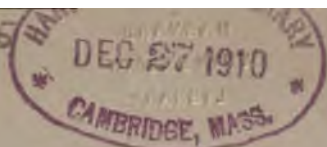
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**NATHAN GOOLD**



**LAKESIDE PRINTING COMPANY  
1908**

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*The Author.*



THE HOME AS THE POET KNEW IT.

"But the poet's memory here  
Of the landscape makes a part :  
Like the river, swift and clear,  
Flows his song through many a heart."



THE HOUSE NOW, SHOWING THE LIBRARY BUILDING OF THE MAINE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

## The Old Wadsworth-Longfellow House and Its Occupants.



"We may build more splendid habitations,  
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,  
But we cannot buy with gold the old associations."

—*The Golden Milestone.*

THE WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE came into the possession of the Maine Historical Society in June, 1901, by donation from Anne Longfellow Pierce, a younger sister of Henry W. Longfellow, whose home it had been for more than eighty-seven years. It was the home of her parents and grandparents, and is to be preserved as a memorial of the families whose names it bears, the conditions of the gift being that the lower front rooms shall be kept furnished with their belongings, and the Society was required to construct a library building in the rear for the accommodation of their library and cabinet, which shall be their home



for at least half a century. It is the intention to devote the whole house to the honor of these distinguished families, and for the pleasure and profit of visitors. The library building was dedicated on the Poet's centennial birthday, February 27, 1907.



*Henry W. Longfellow*

1807 - 1882.

Anne Longfellow Pierce was born in this house March 3, 1810, married to George Washington Pierce here in 1832, and here she died, January 24, 1901, at the great age of ninety years, ten months, after a life of simplicity and usefulness, having the spirit which made this memorial a realization. She had no children. Mr. Pierce was the classmate of her older brothers, and studied law in this house with her father. He was a man eminent in ability, a ready writer, active in politics and ambitious for noble distinctions, which he would probably have attained had he lived. He made a decided impression in his time. Twenty years after his death

the Poet Longfellow wrote of him: "I have never ceased to feel that in his death something was taken from my own life which could never be restored. I have constantly in my memory his beautiful and manly character, frank, generous, impetuous, gentle; by turns joyous and sad, mirthful and serious; elevated by the consciousness of power, depressed by the misgivings of self-distrust, but always kind, always courteous; and, above all, noble in thought, word and deed." In the "Footsteps of Angels," he said of him: —



GEORGE WASHINGTON PIERCE,  
1805 - 1835.

"He, the young and strong, who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the roadside fell and perished,  
Weary with the march of life."

He died November 15, 1835, aged nearly thirty years, after a married life of almost three years.

The house was built in the years 1785 and 1786, and was at first of but two stories with a pitched roof. It was two years in building because it was the first attempt in town to build a house whose four walls should be of brick. The bricks came from Philadelphia, and the walls are sixteen inches thick. The first year enough bricks only were brought to build the first story. The third story was added in 1815, after a fire in the roof the year before.



GENERAL PELEG WADSWORTH,  
1748 - 1829.



ELIZABETH BARTLETT, HIS WIFE,  
1753 - 1825.

General Peleg Wadsworth was the builder. He was the father of the Poet's mother, who was born in Duxbury, Mass., in 1778, and came here



COM. ALEXANDER SCAMMEL WADSWORTH,  
1790 - 1851.

to live when she was about eight years of age. He was a native of Duxbury, a graduate of Harvard College and had been a major-general in the army of the Revolution, where he rendered distinguished service. His wife was Elizabeth Bartlett, of Plymouth, Mass., whom he married about 1772. Of her it was said that "she was a woman of fine manners, dignity of deportment and energy of character," and that "she had all the womanly virtues, who was alike his friend and comforter in hours of trial, and the grace and ornament of his home in the days of prosperity." General Wadsworth bought the land in 1784 and built a store and barn that year. The

house was begun the next year. He served his district in Congress fourteen years and declined a re-election. He removed to Hiram, Maine, founded that town, became its patriarch, and there lies buried on his estate. He brought here six children. The firstborn, Alexander Scammel, died inside the American lines, at Dorchester Heights, in 1775. The children who came here were Charles Lee, Zilpah, Elizabeth, John, Lucia and



ZILPHA WADSWORTH,  
1778 - 1851.  
LONGFELLOW'S MOTHER BEFORE MARRIAGE.



LUCIA WADSWORTH,  
1783 - 1864.  
LIVED IN THIS HOUSE 78 YEARS.

Henry. Those born in this house were George, Alexander Scammel, Samuel Bartlett and Peleg. Elizabeth had obtained a lock of Washington's hair, at the time of his death, through her father, which she bequeathed to the people of Maine at the time of her death, in 1802, then but twenty-two,



which, with the correspondence and her will, is among the precious possessions of the Maine Historical Society.

Lieutenant Henry Wadsworth was born while the house was being built and from its door went to Tripoli with Commodore Preble, in the old Constitution, where he voluntarily sacrificed his life in the fireship Intrepid, in 1804, at the early age of nineteen years. In this house Alexander Scammel Wadsworth was born, in 1790, who was at Tripoli, on the same frigate, and distinguished himself, as a lieutenant, on that historic vessel in the retreat of sixty-four hours from Broke's British squadron and in the famous battle, in the open sea, with the Guerriere,



HON. STEPHEN LONGFELLOW,  
1776 - 1849.



STEPHEN LONGFELLOW, JR.,  
1805 - 1850.

in 1812, when he was next in command to Captain Hull during nearly the whole engagement. This was the first British frigate to strike her flag to an American. He became a commodore and died in Washington, D. C., in 1851. His uniform, chapeau and sword are on exhibition.

General Wadsworth's appearance, at the time of the building of this house, was given by his daughter, Zilpah, as follows:— "Imagine to yourself a man of middle age, well proportioned, with a military air, and who carried himself so truly that many thought him tall. His dress, a bright scarlet coat, buff small clothes and vest, full ruffled bosom, ruffles over the hands, white stockings, shoes with silver buckles,



ALEXANDER WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW,  
THEN NINETEEN  
1814 - 1901.

in the hip-roofed house, now standing, on the corner of Congress and Temple Streets, where their first child, Stephen, was born, in 1805. It was from that house that they removed to the father's sister Abigail's home, at the corner of Hancock and Fore Streets. Capt. Samuel Stephenson, the sister's husband, was suddenly called to the West Indies on business and they were there staying with his wife, during his absence, when Henry W. Longfellow was born, February 27, 1807. That never was a Longfellow house and the uncle only occupied it about three years. The first record of his birth is on the bill of the family physician, Dr. Shirley Erving, where can be seen this charge: —

white cravat bow in front, hair well powdered and tied behind in a club, so-called."

Stephen Longfellow was married, in this house, to Zilpah Wadsworth, January 1, 1804. This had been her home from childhood. As a young lady, she was fond of dress and society, but in her later life was noted for her piety, patience, cheerfulness and fine manners, and held a high position in the society of the town by her intelligence and worth. On the broad stone stoop of this house, at twenty, she presented a banner from the young ladies of Portland to the first uniformed militia company in Maine, "The Federal Volunteers," in 1798. The Poet Longfellow's parents first lived here, but soon commenced housekeeping



MARY (LONGFELLOW) GREENLEAF,  
1816 - 1902.

"1807, Feby., for attendg on Mrs. L., . . . \$5.00."

Longfellow was named for his mother's brother, Lieut. Henry Wadsworth, and at the age of about eight months his parents came back to the old home, where they ever afterward lived. General Wadsworth's family had removed to Hiram, Maine, late in 1806, but he owned this house until his death, in 1829, at the age of eighty-one, when it was bequeathed to Mrs. Longfellow and her sister, Lucia Wadsworth. Miss Wadsworth lived here until her death, in 1864, at the age of eighty-one years. She is spoken of as the second mother to the children and was a most estimable woman.

In the Wadsworth-Longfellow House six of the Longfellow children were born and from its door five were buried. Two daughters were mar-



THE HOUSE AND STORE IN 1786.

ried here. Stephen, the first child, was a lawyer and civil engineer, married Marianna Preble, in 1831, and had children, dying in 1850, aged forty-five years, esteemed by those who knew him. Henry W. was the next child. Elizabeth Wadsworth came next. She was a talented girl, who died in 1829, at twenty. The next was Anne, Mrs. Pierce. Then came Alexander Wadsworth, born in 1814, who married Elizabeth Clapp Porter, in 1851, and had five children. He died in Portland, in 1901, at the age of eighty-six years, was a civil engineer and engaged in the United States Coast Survey and was a man who was an honored citizen and an esteemed gentleman. Mary, the sixth child, was born here in 1816, married, in 1839, James Greenleaf, and died in Cambridge, Mass., in 1902, aged eighty-six years. She presented over twelve hundred volumes as a foundation of what has since become "The Greenleaf Law Library," in Portland, after the fire of 1866. She was a benefactor of several undertakings and is the largest contributor to the fund for the preservation of



her birthplace to this time. She had no children. Ellen, the next, died in 1834, at sixteen. The youngest was Samuel, a poet, born in 1819, a graduate of Harvard College, a Unitarian clergyman and the author of many hymns. He was loved and esteemed, never married, and died in Portland, in 1892, aged seventy-three years. A Longfellow family ditty was : —

“Stephen and Henry  
 Eliz’beth and Anne  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Alex. and Mary  
 Ellen and Sam.”



THE FRONT HALL.

William Willis, the historian, said of Hon. Stephen Longfellow : —  
 “No man more surely gained the confidence of all who approached him or held it firmer ; and those who knew him best loved him most.”

Mr. Longfellow was the son of Judge Stephen Longfellow, of Gorham, Maine, the grandson of Stephen Longfellow, the schoolmaster of Portland. The Poet’s father graduated at Harvard College in 1798, was a Selectman, Representative to the General Court, State Senator, and Representative to

Congress in 1823-5. He died in this house, in 1849, aged seventy-three years, and his wife in 1851, at the same age.

The Poet wrote in his journal, March 12, 1851: "In the chamber where I last took leave of her lay my mother, to welcome and take leave of me no more. I sat all that night alone with her,—without terror, almost without sorrow, so tranquil had been her death. A sense of peace came over me as if there had been no shock or jar in nature, but a harmonious close to a long life."

She died in the front room over the parlor and the father and Mrs. Pierce in the front room over the living or sitting room.

Henry W. Longfellow lived here during his childhood, boyhood and young manhood, and here he came, to his old home, to the end of his life. Here were the scenes of his bringing up and here he profited by the examples and precepts of his honored parents. Here he wrote his first poem and others, together with portions of his prose works. It was really his home until the purchase of the "Craigie House," at Cambridge, in 1843, a period of thirty-five years. The home remained with the old furnishings undisturbed until the death of Mrs. Pierce, in 1901. Longfellow's last visit here was in July, 1881, when he wrote to a friend in Rhode Island:—

"Portland has lost none of its charms. The weather is superb and the air equal to that of Newport or East Greenwich or any other Rhode Island seashore. I shall remain here a week or two longer, and think of running up to North Conway and to Sebago to see the winding Songo once more. It is very pleasant sitting here and dictating letters. It is like thinking



THE GARDEN DOOR.  
SHOWING THE "RAINY DAY VINE."

what one will say without taking the trouble of writing it. I have discovered a new pleasure."

The poems now known to have been written in this house are : —

The Battle of Lovell's Pond, 1820.

Musings, 1825.

The Spirit of Poetry, 1825.

Burial of Minnisink, 1825.

Song : When from the eye of day, 1826.

Song of the Birds, 1826.

The Lighthouse.

The Rainy Day, 1841.

Changed, 1858.

And probably others. A portion of *Hyperion* was written here and, no doubt, much was outlined in this house while the Poet was visiting his old home.

In 1824 Longfellow, then seventeen, while in college, wrote a poem protesting against the removal of the old wooden First Parish Meeting House, called the "Old Jerusalem," which was published in the *Portland Advertiser* September 25, 1824. The building was taken down and the present stone church built, on the same site, in 1825. The Wadsworth and Longfellow families have attended this society's meetings since their first coming to the town, a period of over one hundred and sixty years. The poem was : —



LONGFELLOW'S FIRST PORTRAIT,  
THEN EIGHTEEN.

#### OLD PARISH CHURCH.

Our Fathers' Temple ! o'er thy form  
In peace time's holy twilight falls ;  
Yet heavenly light glows pure and warm  
Around thy venerable walls :  
The shades of years have mellow'd long  
But not obscur'd that light of God,  
Though they that plac'd thee here shall throng  
No more the courts where once they trod.

Alas ! o'er thee old Time hath cast  
The mournful mantle of decay ;  
His feet have o'er thy threshold pass'd,  
His hand hath pluck'd thy strength away.  
Nor think we, as we gaze on thee,  
How soon the hand that seals thy doom  
Shall waste our own vitality  
And hide our ashes in the tomb !

Pointing to Heaven — our resting place —  
Thy spire its ancient form uprears,  
And still upon thy wall we trace  
The gray and gathering moss of years.  
Still from thy tower the deep-ton'd bell  
Time's silent lapse proclaims on high ;  
Still breathes its long and last farewell  
To perishing mortality.

Now as at eve, with solemn feet,  
Thy consecrated aisles I tread,  
Those that surround the mercy seat  
Seem here unto thine altar led.  
I see the venerable band,—  
The patriarchs of our infant church,—  
I see the weak and trembling hand  
Again the heavenly volume search !

And as the eye, grown dim in time,  
With awe reviews the inspired page,  
I hear the voice of truth sublime  
Break quivering from the lips of age !  
Kneeling around thine altar old  
Those holy men have join'd in prayer,  
That Israel's God would keep his fold,  
And bless the shepherd of his care.

And hark ! to Heaven the tuneful song  
In soft and solemn music steals ;  
And now the anthem swells and long  
The solemn-breathing organ peals !  
My soul to earth resigns its fears,  
Flush'd with the glowing dream of Heaven ;  
It sees thy sainted sires — and hears  
The song of peace and sins forgiven.

Ye holy men of God belov'd  
Who bow forever at His throne,  
Ye in whose breasts His spirit mov'd,  
Whose thoughts and lives were all His own —  
Within this temple, when below,  
The precepts of His love ye gave —  
And shall His temple perish now,  
Without one hand outstretched to save ?

Thou hoary monarch, Time, awhile  
From ruin spare this holy place !  
Shall peace desert the hallow'd aisle,  
And Mercy's cherub veil her face ?  
Still may our Fathers' Temple shine,  
The record of departed years ;  
Still may we worship at its shrine,  
Still bathe its altar with our tears.



In 1859 Longfellow presented to the Portland Natural History Society a portrait of Humboldt, from life. He gave two hundred dollars to the sufferers from the great Portland fire of July 4, 1866. July 1st he wrote a friend: "I have left the little girls in Portland, where I passed a day or two with them; and among other things had a sail down Casco Bay through the wooded islands and wished you were there." Later in the month he wrote this friend: "I have been in Portland since the fire. Desolation,



THE PARLOR.

desolation, desolation! It reminds me of Pompeii, 'that sepult city.' The old family house was not burned, the track of the fire passing just below it."

Of the childhood of the Poet Longfellow some little has been preserved. About the time he was brought to this house, in October, 1807, the mother wrote: "I think you would like my little Henry W. He is an active rogue and wishes for nothing so much as singing and dancing. He would be very happy to have you raise him up to see the balls on the mirror."

In January, 1814, when he was hardly seven, he sent this message to his father, then in the General Court at Boston: "Oh, tell papa I am

writing at school a, b, c; and send my love to him and I hope he will bring me a drum."

That month he wrote his first letter. He said:—

"Dear Papa:—Ann [Mrs. Pierce, then four] wants a little Bible like little Betsey's [her sister]. Will you please buy her one, if you can find any in Boston. I have been to school all the week and got only seven marks. I shall have a billet on Monday. I wish you to buy me a drum."

"Henry W. Longfellow."



THE "DEN" OR THE OLD DINING ROOM.  
"THE RAINY DAY DESK."

His first school was, at three, where he went with his brother Stephen, to one on Spring Street, above High, kept by "Ma'am Fellows," then to a public school on Center Street for a very short time, then to Mr. Wright's private school, afterward to Mr. Carter, with whom he went to the Portland Academy, where he also came under Mr. Cushman.

At the age of six, in 1813, his schoolmaster, N. H. Carter, wrote the following billet to his parents: "Master Henry Longfellow is one of the best boys we have in school. He spells and reads very well. He also can add and multiply numbers. His conduct last quarter was very correct and amiable."



BACK OF THE LIVING ROOM.

In his eleventh year Master Bezaleel Cushman wrote his father, the original letter being now in the house: "Stephen and Henry have both commenced this quarter with an unusual degree of diligence in their studies. Their deportment is remarkably good."

Nehemiah Cleveland wrote of him during his boyhood: "Most distinctly do I recall the bright, pleasant boy as I often saw him at his father's house while I was living in Portland, in the years 1816-17. My recollection of those interviews in that time-honored mansion and the excellent man whose reception of me was ever cordial and whose conversation was to me so agreeable and so instructive has never ceased to be a pleasure."

Rev. Elijah Kellogg wrote of the boy: "He was a very handsome boy. Retiring without being reserved, there was a frankness about him that won you at once. He looked you square in the face. His eyes were full of expression and it seemed as though you could look down into them as in a clear spring. He had no relish for rude sports, but loved to bathe in a little creek on the border of Deering's Oaks; and would tramp through the woods at times with a gun, but this was through the influence of others; he loved much better to lie under a tree and read."





FRONT OF THE LIVING ROOM.  
SHOWING THE POET'S FAVORITE CHAIR AND CORNER.

His brother Samuel described him as a "lively boy with brown or chestnut hair, blue eyes, a delicate complexion and rosy cheeks; sensitive, impressionable; active, eager, impetuous, often impatient; quick-tempered, but as quickly appeased, kind-hearted and affectionate—the sunlight of the house. He had great neatness and love of order. He was always extremely conscientious, 'remarkably solicitous always to do right,' his mother wrote; 'true, high-minded and noble—never a mean thought or act,' said a sister; 'injustice in any shape he could not brook.' He was industrious, prompt and persevering; full of ardor, he went into everything he undertook with great zest."

The Poet's early holidays were often spent at his grandfather's at Gorham, Maine, his father's birthplace, where he had the companionship of his cousin. Sometimes in vacations he visited his Grandfather Wadsworth, at Hiram, where he heard the stories of the Revolution and of the events in the founding of that town. Here he learned of the battle of Lovell's Pond, the subject of his first poem. This poem, written in this house and published in the *Portland Gazette* November 17, 1820, when he was but thirteen, the subject being a historical fact of the town of Fryeburg, Maine, was:—

### THE BATTLE OF LOVELL'S POND.

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast  
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,  
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,  
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.

The war-whoop is still and the savage's yell  
Has sunk into silence along the wild dell;  
The din of battle, the tumult, is o'er  
And the war-clarion's voice is now heard no more.

The warriors that fought for their country and bled  
Have sunk to their rest; the damp earth is their bed;  
No stone tells the place where their ashes repose,  
Nor points out the spot from the graves of their foes.

They died in their glory, surrounded by fame,  
And Victory's loud trump their death did proclaim;  
They are dead; but they live in each patriot's breast,  
And their names are engraven on honor's bright crest.

The lines, "Mr. Finney had a turnip," etc., were not written by Longfellow, as has been stated.

Henry W. Longfellow, with his brother Stephen, entered Bowdoin College in 1821 and he was then in his fifteenth year. The studies of the first year were pursued at home. Their three years' term and board bills have been preserved and are on exhibition in the house. Their class is said to have been the most famous that has ever graduated from any college in America. It was the celebrated class of 1825.

Early in 1824 the subject of a profession for Longfellow was under discussion. In December he made plain to his father his own wishes. He desired to spend a year at Cambridge to become familiar with history, polite literature and the languages, after which, he wrote, "I would attach myself to some literary periodical publication by which I could maintain myself and still enjoy the advantages of reading." Then he adds: "The fact is, I most eagerly aspire after future eminence in literature; my whole soul burns most ardently for it and every earthly thought centers in it. \* \* \* Whether Nature has given me any capacity for knowledge or not, she has at any rate given me a very strong predilection for literary pursuits, and I am almost confident in believing that if I can ever rise in the world it must be by the exercise of my talent in the wide field of literature."

On the last day of the year he wrote: "Of divinity, medicine and law, I should choose the last. Whatever I do study ought to be engaged in with all my soul, for I *will be eminent* in something."

April 30, 1824, Longfellow wrote his father: "But in thinking to make a lawyer of me, I fear you thought more partially than justly. I do not, for my own part, imagine that such a coat would suit me. I hardly

think Nature designed me for the bar or the pulpit or the dissecting-room. I am altogether in favor of the farmer's life. Do keep the farmer's boots for me!"

The next November he wrote a friend: "Somehow, and yet I hardly know why, I am unwilling to study any profession. I cannot make a lawyer of any eminence because I have not the talent for argument; I am not good enough for a minister and as to physic, I utterly and absolutely detest it."



THE OLD KITCHEN.

In December Longfellow wrote his father: "I think it best for me to float out into the world upon that tide and in that channel which will the soonest bring me to my destined port, and not to struggle against both wind and tide and by attempting what is impossible lose everything."

In January, 1825, his father replied: "A literary life, to one who has the means of support, must be very pleasant. But there is not wealth enough in this country to afford encouragement and patronage to merely literary men. And as you have not had the fortune (I will not say whether good or ill) to be born rich you must adopt a profession which will afford you subsistence as well as reputation. I am happy to observe that my ambition has never been to accumulate wealth for my children, but to

cultivate their minds in the best possible manner and to imbue them with correct moral, political and religious principles, believing that a person thus educated will, with proper diligence, be certain of attaining all the wealth which is necessary to happiness."

The Poet Longfellow remained with his parents during the fall and winter after his graduation from Bowdoin College, studying law in his father's office, which was then in this house, waiting for the pleasanter spring months to make a foreign trip. In May, 1826, he started on his first voyage to Europe in a sailing vessel, the passage occupying thirty days. He remained abroad over three years. In one of his letters he said :



THE KITCHEN DRESSER.

"Traveling has its joys for him whose heart can whirl away in the sweep of life and the eddies of the world, like a bubble catching a thousand different hues from the sun ; but happier is he whose heart rides quietly at anchor in the peaceful haven of home."

From Rome, in November, 1828, he wrote his mother : "For me a line from my mother is more efficacious than all the homilies in Lent ; and I find more incitement to virtue in merely looking at your handwriting than in a whole volume of ethics and moral discourses. Indeed there is no book in which I read with so much interest and profit as one of your letters. I think that to-day must be Thanksgiving Day with you.

To a wanderer like myself there is no

season which so vividly recalls the endearments of home and so fully awakens the recollections of its blessings as the return of these annual holidays which signalize the close of the year. \* \* \* I imagine myself seated in the midst of you—recalling earlier days and renewing the broken links that absence has made in the social chain !" This letter closes with these lines : "It is after midnight. At so lonely an hour my thoughts return homeward with double force to center in the happy circle which is now gathered around your fireside. So I wish you, one and all, a pleasant Thanksgiving, a merry Christmas, a happy New Year and a good-night."

On his return, in 1829, Longfellow was elected the Professor of Modern Languages and the Librarian of Bowdoin College. He was then



twenty-two. He then took up the work at Brunswick for which he had been fitting himself, where he remained five and a half years.

It was in 1831 that he married Mary Storer Potter, a daughter of Judge Barrett Potter, of Portland, who resided in the house now standing, No. 74 Free Street, where they were married. She was

"The being beauteous  
Who unto my youth was given,  
More than all things else to love me."



THE GUEST ROOM, WITH THE FAMILY CRADLE.

They resided in Brunswick until his resignation of his position in the College, in the spring of 1835, when they both went abroad, he for further study. She died in Rotterdam the next November, at the age of twenty-three years.

In a letter written in the old home, February 2, 1835, among other matters he said: "Well, I have concluded to accept the offer at Cambridge and shall go to Europe in the spring. I want to sail, if possible, on the first of April and in order to do this must dissolve my connection with Bowdoin as early as the first of March. Or would the Govt. prefer that I should not enter on the duties of the next term? I will do as they think best. Mr. Greene says he is willing to supply for me to the close of the

College year; so that on that point there will be no embarrassment, if the Govt. wish the course of instruction to go on unchanged. Please communicate this to the other gentlemen. I intend to be in Brunswick about a week before the beginning of the term — probably on Monday next. I am not perfectly satisfied with all the maneuvers of the Cambridge corporation; but have concluded after much debate to accede to their terms. This is *sub rosa*, I will tell you more when we meet; and if you do not exclaim, 'That is just like them' — I am mistaken."



THE POET'S SLEEPING ROOM.

In December, 1836, Longfellow returned to America and became the Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard College, for which he had been preparing himself. While on a visit to his old home the Poet wrote, under the date of December 21, 1837, the original letter being one of the treasures of the Maine Historical Society, as also is the letter of February 2, 1835, as follows: —

"It is so cold here that I cannot mend a pen; and my hand trembles like an old man's. Nevertheless I would fain write you a few words begging you to send the inclosed without delay. I tell you I shall succeed in

this, O thou of little faith! It is awfully cold to-day: They seem to keep all their 'cold snaps' here for College Vacations. My mind is like a frozen inkstand. I believe there are some thoughts in it, but they won't flow out. There is no feeling in my fingers; under my nails are purple blood-spots. Circulation stops. \* \* \* This is a dull town notwithstanding, my native place too; a perfect hornet's-nest of early recollections, insects with stings. I have hardly been out of doors yet."

Longfellow's second marriage was to Frances Elizabeth Appleton, of Boston, in 1843, when the "Craigie House" became their home. She was burned to death in 1861, at the age of forty-three years. Their six children were: Charles Appleton, who was severely wounded at the battle of Mine Run, in 1863, and died, unmarried, in 1893, aged forty-eight years; Ernest Wadsworth, married Harriet O. Spelman in 1868 and lives in New York, no children; Frances, died, an infant, in 1848; Alice May, unmarried, lives in the "Craigie House" at Cambridge; Edith, married, in 1878, Richard H. Dana, has six children and lives in Cambridge; Anne Allegra, married, in 1885, Joseph G. Thorp, Jr., has five children and lives in Cambridge.

Henry W. Longfellow died at his home at Cambridge, March 24, 1882, aged seventy-five years, mourned by the world. He was buried in Mount Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass.

The Wadsworth-Longfellow House, hallowed by its associations, without doubt contains the best collection of the belongings of an author's families on exhibition in the world. On the walls of the old dining room hang the original manuscripts of the addresses of General Lafayette and Hon. Stephen Longfellow delivered in Portland in 1825. Many of the possessions of the Wadsworth family are of much interest; besides manuscripts and household utensils, here are shown the cocked hat and canteen worn by General Wadsworth during the Revolutionary War, also the original deed of this land. It is impossible to enumerate. Of the Poet's life are shown the physician's bill at his birth, his baby cap and shirt, cradle, schoolbooks, term and board bills at college, his early sleeping room, his trunk of 1826 and the original banker's statements of his expenses on his first visit to Europe, 1826-29, together with many other articles and docu-



THE BOYS' ROOM.  
THE OLD TRUNDLE-BED AND SCHOOL DESK.

ments connected with his life. Portraits of the different members of the families are on exhibition, several not to be seen elsewhere. The costumes of the mother, her sisters and her daughters, some a century or more old, are exhibited. The extent of the exhibition of the belongings of the Wadsworth and Longfellow families seems incredible. It is a surprise that they have been kept.

It can be said of these families that at no time since the breaking out of the Revolution to this time, but that some member or members have been conspicuous in their State's history.

The old house has sixteen rooms. It was the home of the Wadsworth and Longfellow families for one hundred and fifteen years and is in a good state of preservation. It has no

It was                    "Weather-stains upon the wall,  
                              And stairways worn, and crazy doors,  
                              And creaking and uneven floors."

                              "Built in the old Colonial day,  
                              When men lived in a grander way,  
                              With ampler hospitality."

It has eight open fireplaces, and in former times, during a year, over thirty cords of wood were burned in them. What a tale of bygone days they could tell!

                              "By the fireside there are old men seated,  
                              Seeing ruined cities in the ashes,  
                                      Asking sadly  
                              Of the Past what it can ne'er restore them.

                              "By the fireside there are youthful dreamers,  
                              Building castles fair, with stately stairways,  
                                      Asking blindly  
                              Of the Future what it cannot give them.

                              "By the fireside tragedies are acted  
                              In whose scenes appear two actors only,  
                                      Wife and husband,  
                              And above them God the sole spectator.

                              "By the fireside there are peace and comfort,  
                              Wives and children with fair, thoughtful faces,  
                                      Waiting, watching  
                              For a well-known footstep in the passage."

The spacious hallway, with its easy staircase, runs through the house and is a good example of the comfortable architecture of former days.

The parlor was the largest in Portland when built and contained the first piano in town. The piano now there was purchased by Henry W. Longfellow for the "Craigie House" at the time of his marriage in 1843.

It was used by his family many years. This room was the scene of the festivities, the weddings and the funerals of these families during the one hundred and fifteen years of their occupancy of the house.

The living or sitting room has the appearance as when occupied by them. For about ten years it was used by the father for a law office, and the Poet, his brother Stephen, George W. Pierce, William Pitt Fessenden and others studied law here. The vestibule or "Little Room" was added as an addition or entrance to the law office. His brother wrote of Longfellow: "In this room the young graduate scribbled many a sheet." After the removal of the office, about 1828, this room was changed into a china closet and the Poet wrote his sister Elizabeth, from Göttingen, under date of March 29, 1829: "My poetic career is finished. Since I left America I have hardly put two lines together; \* \* \* and no soft poetic ray has irradiated my heart since the Goths and Vandals crossed the Rubicon of the front entry and turned the *sanctum sanctorum* of the 'Little Room' into a china closet."



THE BACK DOOR.

Back of the living room is the kitchen with its broad fireplace, in which is the old iron back on which is the fish "that forever bakes in effigy." This fireplace has never been closed, and the utensils and china seen here were used by these families in the Poet's time and before. This room is as of old and is one of the most interesting in the house. It tells its own story.

Opposite, on the other side of the front hall, is the "Den" or the old dining room, made famous from the fact that here, between the windows, looking out into the garden, on the same desk now standing there, was written "The Rainy Day" in 1841. From these windows the Poet saw the flowering grapevine mentioned in the third line,

"The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,"

which is living and is still to be seen. The furniture on the first floor of the house, on exhibition, was theirs and was used by the family.

The second story has four rooms, the "Mother's Room," the "Guests'

Room," the "Children's Room" and Mrs. Pierce's old room. They contain a wonderful collection of the families' belongings for the inspection of visitors.

The third story, added in 1815, is reached by a well-worn stairway of interest from the fact that over these stairs climbed the Longfellow children to their bedchambers, where they were under the immediate charge of their aunt, Lucia Wadsworth. This floor has seven rooms. The room of rooms is the Poet's boyhood one, in which he wrote "Musings" and "The Lighthouse." It is furnished with many of the articles of yore. The "Boys' Room," which, at times, has been occupied by all the Longfellow boys, looks out on the garden and the western sky. It contains the old trundle-bed and the writings of the children on the casing of the window, with many articles of much interest. Here Longfellow probably wrote his first poem. The remaining rooms on this floor are used for exhibition purposes. From the front windows, in those days, could be seen the harbor, its islands and Cape Elizabeth; from those in the rear, Back Cove, the fields and forests, back of which loomed up the White Mountains. It was a magnificent prospect. Longfellow wrote: —

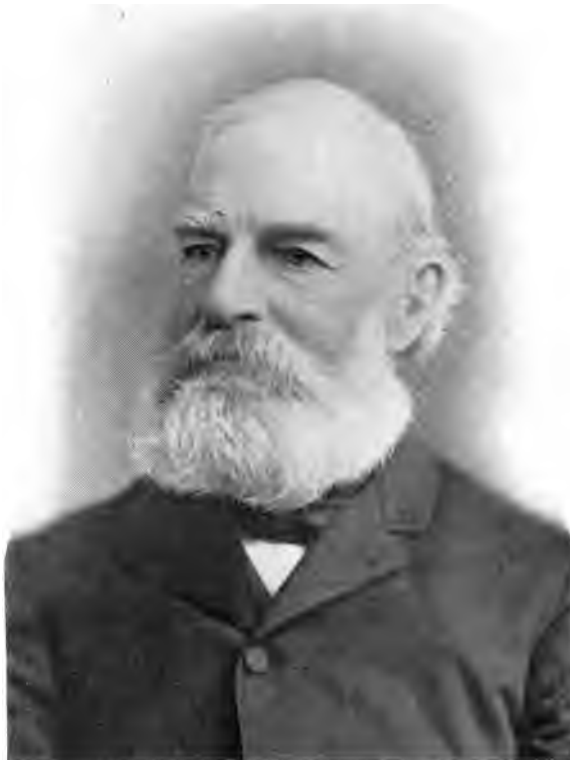
"Happy he whom neither wealth or fashion,  
Nor the march of the encroaching city,  
Drives an exile  
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead."

On the window casing in the "Boys' Room" one of the children has inscribed, "How dear is the home of my childhood." The Poet expressed his sentiments of the love of the old home in words that will never be stricken from our language: —

"Truly the love of home is interwoven with all that is pure and deep and lasting in earthly affections. Let us wander where we may, the heart looks back with secret longings to the paternal roof. There the scattered rays of affection concentrate. Time may enfeeble them, distance overshadow them, and the storms of life obstruct them for a season; but they will at length break through the cloud and storm, and glow and burn and brighten around the peaceful threshold of home."

The family were descendants from nine Mayflower Pilgrims, Elder William Brewster and his wife Mary, Love Brewster, William Mullins and wife, Priscilla Mullins, John Alden, Richard Warren and Henry Samson, all through the Wadsworths. The Longfellows were Puritans. The Wadsworth family originated in America with Christopher, of Duxbury, Mass., wife Grace Cole. Their son, John, married Abigail Andrews, whose son, John, married, in 1704, Mercy Wiswell. It was their son, Deacon Peleg Wadsworth, wife Susannah Sampson, who was the father of General Peleg Wadsworth, who built the Wadsworth-Longfellow House.

The Longfellow family are descendants of William Longfellow, Jr., who was born in Yorkshire, England, about 1650, and came to Byfield Parish, Newbury, Mass. He married Anne Sewall in 1676, became an ensign in Sir William Phipps' expedition to Quebec in 1690 and, on the return, was drowned at Anticosti Island, October 31st. Their son, Stephen,



REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW, "THE HYMN WRITER."  
1819-1892.

a blacksmith, named for Stephen Dummer, the mother's grandfather, married Abigail Thompson in 1714, and it was their son, Stephen, who came to Portland in 1745 and married, in 1749, Tabitha Bragdon, of York, Maine. He was a graduate of Harvard in 1742 and was the schoolmaster of this town. His son, Stephen, married, in 1773, Patience Young, of York, became a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, lived at Gorham, where they were buried. He was the Poet's grandfather. The great-grandparents were buried in the Eastern Cemetery, Portland, and the father, mother, Mrs. Pierce, Rev. Samuel Longfellow and his brother Stephen and other members of the family were entombed in the Western Cemetery in this city.

The Wadsworth-Longfellow House is the most historic house in Maine.



It has been the home of at least eight persons who would make fame for any house by their meritorious services or public benefactions. It will be a most fitting memorial for those whose home it was, especially America's greatest poet, Henry W. Longfellow. It will be the Mecca of the lovers of his verse and the world will have no better tribute to his memory.

The Maine Historical Society has accepted this trust and by the contributions of a generous public it has been brought to completion. This society was incorporated in 1822 and has a most honorable record. The Poet's father was one of its presidents and Henry W. Longfellow was a librarian. The preservation of this old home was a worthy undertaking for a worthy society, and success has crowned its efforts. Rev. Samuel Longfellow once said to a friend: "I hope they will leave some of the old places, for we need links with the past generations; there are few enough in America at best."





### THE FATHER'S OLD HOME.

"The Longfellow Farm," at Gorham, Maine, was bought by the great-grandfather, Stephen Longfellow, "the schoolmaster," in 1761, 1762 and 1765, in one-hundred-acre lots. Here he went in 1775, when the British burned Portland, then Falmouth. The present house was probably built during the Revolutionary War, or soon after, and is probably not the one in which the father was born, in 1776. That was in another location. The grandfather, Judge Stephen Longfellow, came into possession of the farm in 1787, where he lived, and it was where he died, in 1824. The grandmother, Patience Young, lived here until her death, in 1830. When Capt. Samuel Stephenson, in whose house the Poet was born, in Portland, in 1807, removed to Gorham, February 22, 1808, he was given a portion of the old farm for a home, because his wife, Abigail, was a daughter of the Judge. Their house, enlarged in 1830, is still standing. He died there in 1858, aged eighty-two years, and his wife in 1869, at ninety. The "Longfellow Elms," which formerly extended around the old farm by the roadside, were set out about 1785. "The Longfellow Farm" is where the Longfellow children visited their grandparents of their name.

Soon after Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the youngest of this distinguished family, graduated from Harvard, in 1839, he visited the old farm. He

was then twenty and his last grandparent had died nine years before. Then he wrote the following poem under the title, "The Homestead." It is one that will appeal to those who have similarly visited their grandparents' old home later in their lives. The place went out of the possession of the family the latter part of the next year, 1840. The poem is reproduced here for the honor and fame of its esteemed author.

#### THE HOMESTEAD.

Home of my fathers! once again  
I stand beneath the shade  
Of those ancestral trees where once  
A dreamy child I played.  
Those ancient elms still o'er thy roof  
Their sheltering branches spread;  
But they who loved their pleasant shade  
In heavenly places tread.

No longer at the window now  
Their friendly glance I catch,  
No longer hear, as I approach,  
The sound of lifted latch;  
The ready hand which once threw wide  
The hospitable door, —  
I know its warm and hearty grasp  
Still answers mine no more.

The red rose by the window sill  
Blooms brightly as of old;  
The woodbines still around the door  
Their shining leaves unfold.  
The pale syringa scents the air  
Through the long summer hours;  
But ah! the old beloved hands  
No longer pluck their flowers.

I wander where the little brook  
Still keeps its tranquil flow,  
Where blooms the crimson cardinal,  
And golden lilies glow,  
Or, crossing o'er the wooden bridge,  
I loiter on my way,  
To watch where, in the sunny depths,  
The darting minnows play.

That little bridge, the vine-clad elms  
That guarded either end,—  
Oh, with that spot how many dreams,  
How many memories blend!  
When summer suns at morning kissed  
The dew from grass and flower,  
I've wandered there; and lingered long  
At evening's holy hour.

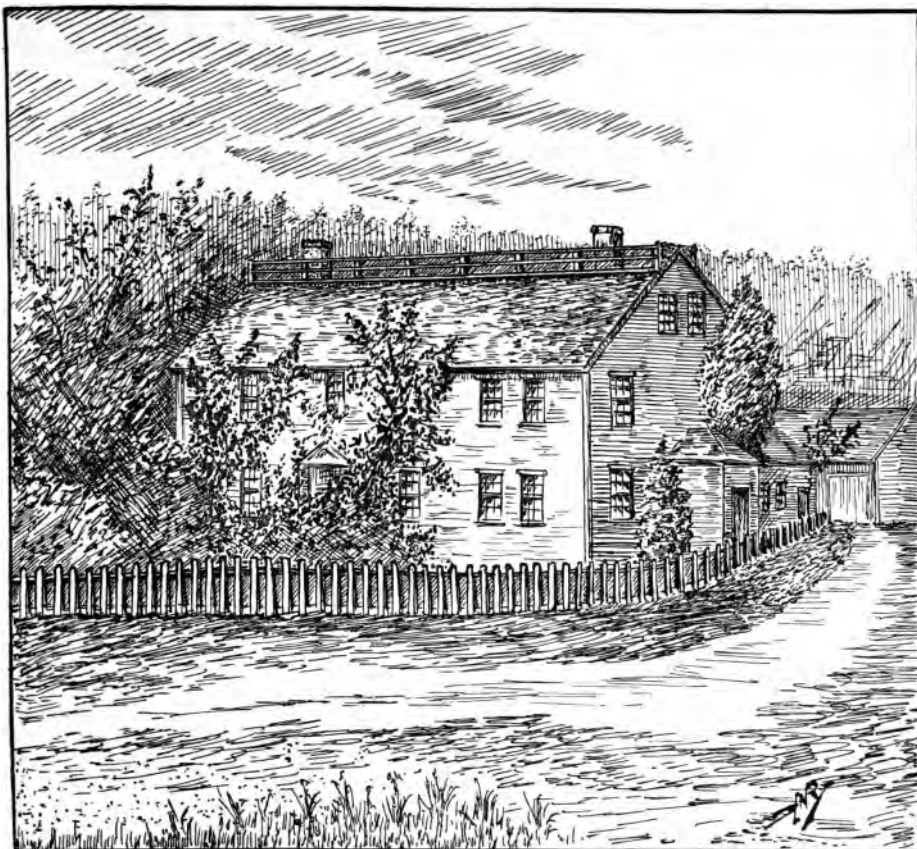
Still, as each spring returns, those trees  
Put on their garments green;  
And still in summer hues arrayed  
Those blooming flowers are seen;  
And when the autumn winds come down  
To wrestle with the wood,  
The gold and crimson leaves are shed  
To float along the flood.

Thus seasons pass, and year on year  
Follows with ceaseless pace;  
Though all things human change or die,  
Unchanged is Nature's face.  
Yet, when these well-remembered scenes  
Before my vision glide,  
I feel that they who made them fair  
No more are by my side.

And one there was — now distant far —  
Who shared my childish plays,  
With whom I roamed in deeper joy  
In boyhood's thoughtful days.  
Dear cousin, round thine early home  
When truant memory  
Lingers in dreams of fond regret,  
Dost thou e'er think of me?

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

Gorham, 1839.



GRANDFATHER WADSWORTH'S HOUSE.

## WADSWORTH HALL.

This house was built by Gen. Peleg Wadsworth in 1800, on 7800 acres of land, which he had purchased in 1790, where he settled his son, Charles Lee Wadsworth, five years later. This land is in the town of Hiram, Maine, thirty-seven miles from Portland. General Wadsworth moved to this house in 1806 and it has since been occupied by descendants. The exterior has been modernized, but the interior of the main house is practically unchanged. The front hall is twenty feet square and sheathed with pine which, with age, has grown almost the color of mahogany, as have the other old rooms. It is one of the notable Colonial houses of the State and is known as Wadsworth Hall.





HENRY W. LONGFELLOW,  
In 1855.

## THE WRITING OF "MY LOST YOUTH."

In 1846, while the Poet Longfellow was visiting his old home, he wrote in his journal of taking a long walk around Munjoy Hill and down to Fort Lawrence, which was a fort of the War of 1812 at the easterly point of Portland, where the Grand Trunk Railway tracks are now. He says: "I lay down in one of the embrasures and listened to the lashing, lulling sound of the sea just at my feet. It was a beautiful afternoon and the harbor was full of white sails, coming and departing. Meditated a poem on the Old Fort."

It was not until March, 1855, that "My Lost Youth" was written. In his journal he said: "At night, as I lie in bed, a poem comes into my mind, a memory of Portland, my native town, the city by the sea.

'Sitteth the city wherein I was born  
Upon the seashore.'"

The next day he said: "Wrote the poem; and am rather pleased with it and with bringing in of the old Lapland song, —

'A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

This poem is that most cherished by the people of his native city. It is their heritage from him, a tribute from a town-born boy. It is as follows:

### MY LOST YOUTH.

Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea ;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy line of its trees,  
And catch in sudden gleams  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free ;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,<sup>1</sup>  
And the fort upon the hill ;<sup>2</sup>  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,<sup>3</sup>  
How it thundered o'er the tide !  
And the dead captains, as they lay<sup>4</sup>  
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill :  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's Woods ;<sup>5</sup>  
And the friendships old and the early loves  
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods.

And the verse of that sweet old song,  
 It flutters and murmurs still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
 Across the schoolboy's brain ;  
 The song and the silence in the heart,  
 That in part are prophecies and in part  
 Are longings wild and vain.  
 And the voice of that fitful song  
 Sings on, and is never still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak ;  
 There are dreams that cannot die ;  
 There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
 And bring a pallor to the cheek,  
 And a mist before the eye.  
 And the words of that fatal song  
 Come over me like a chill :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
 When I visit the dear old town ;  
 But the native air is pure and sweet,  
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,  
 As they balance up and down,  
 Are singing the beautiful song,  
 Are sighing and whispering still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
 And with joy that is almost pain  
 My heart goes back to wander there,  
 And among the dreams of the days that were  
 I find my lost youth again.  
 And the strange and beautiful song,  
 The groves are repeating it still :  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

"The bulwarks by the shore" was Fort Lawrence.  
 "The fort upon the hill" was Fort Sumner, off North Street, where "Fort Sumner  
 Park" is now, and south of it. He said of that fort that it "was one of the terrors of my  
 childhood."  
 "The sea fight far away" was the battle between the Enterprise and Boxer, in 1813,  
 six miles from Portland, off Bristol, Maine.  
 "The dead captains as they lay," etc., were Captains Burrows of the Enterprise and  
 Smith of the Boxer, both killed in the battle and buried side by side in the Eastern Cemetery.  
 "Deering's Woods," now Deering Park, presented by that family to the city for a  
 public park in 1886. It contains about fifty acres.

## "CHANGED."

November 25, 1847, Longfellow, while in Portland, wrote in his journal: "After church, walked with Fessenden [William Pitt] to the 'gallows' that used to be,—a fine hillside looking down over the cove." This was at the corner of Congress and Vaughan Streets, at the head of Deering Avenue, called the "gallows" because at least two men had been hung there. This was the scene of "Changed," written by the Poet, while on a visit to Portland, in 1858.

### CHANGED.

From the outskirts of the town,  
Where of old the mile-stone stood,  
Now a stranger, looking down,  
I behold the shadowy crown  
Of the dark and haunted wood.

Is it changed or am I changed?  
Ah! the oaks are fresh and green,  
But the friends with whom I ranged  
Through their thickets are estranged  
By the years that intervene.

Bright as ever flows the sea,  
Bright as ever shines the sun,  
But alas! they seem to me  
Not the sun that used to be,  
Not the tides that used to run.

"The dark and haunted wood" was Deering's Woods, now Deering Park. The cove, spoken of in his journal, was Back Cove, now called Back Bay.

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"Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!"

## THE RAINY DAY.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
    The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,  
    But at every gust the dead leaves fall,  
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary ;  
It rains, and the wind is never weary ;  
    My thoughts still cling to the mouldering past,  
    But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,  
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart ! and cease repining ;  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining ;  
    Thy fate is the common fate of all,  
    Into each life some rain must fall,  
Some days must be dark and dreary.

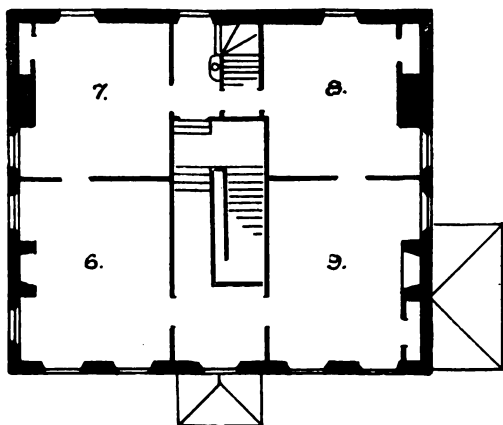
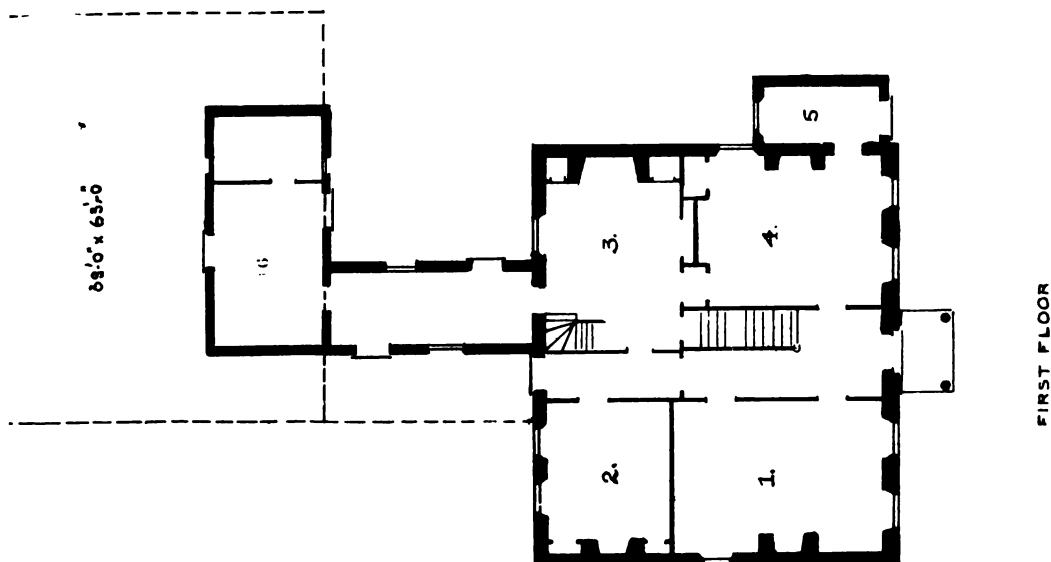


# WADSWORTH-LONGFELLOW HOUSE.

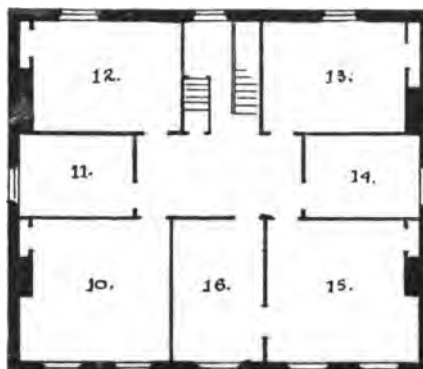
- No. 1. The Parlor.
- No. 2. The Den or Dining Room.
- No. 3. The Kitchen and Workroom.
- No. 4. The Living Room.
- No. 5. The Little Room.
- No. 6. The Mother's Room.
- No. 7. Mrs. Pierce's Room.
- No. 8. The Children's Room.

- No. 9. The Guests' Chamber.
- No. 10. The Poet's Room.
- No. 11. Storeroom.
- No. 12. The Boys' Room.
- No. 13. Chamber.
- No. 14. The Linen Room.
- No. 15. Lucia Wadsworth's Room.
- No. 16. Woodshed.

The Woodshed shown on this plan has been removed.



SECOND FLOOR



THIRD FLOOR.

## FORM OF BEQUEST.

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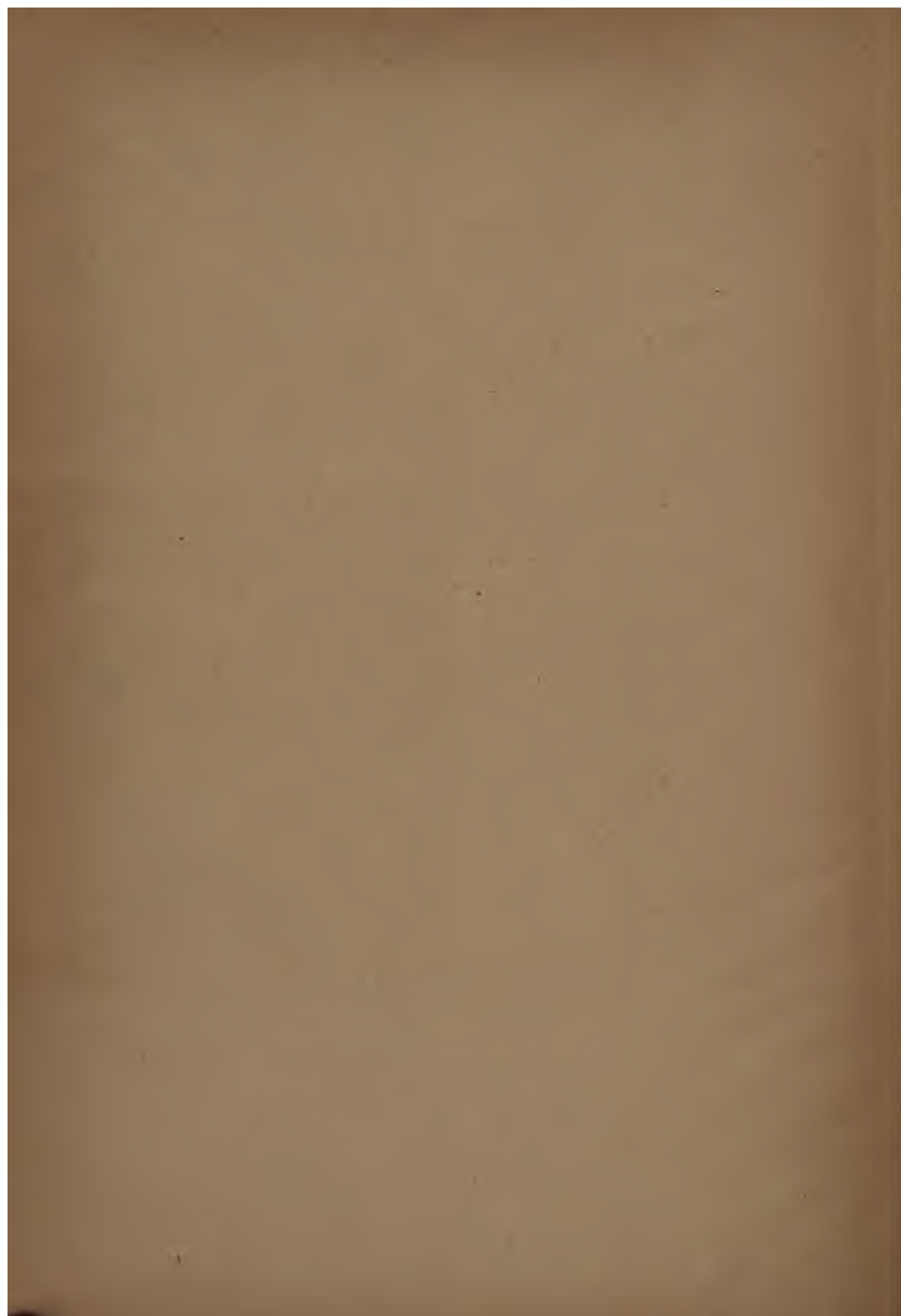
I give and bequeath to the Maine Historical Society,  
.....Dollars,  
to be used for the maintenance of the Wadsworth-Longfellow  
House and the Library of that Society.

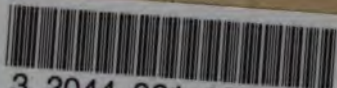












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